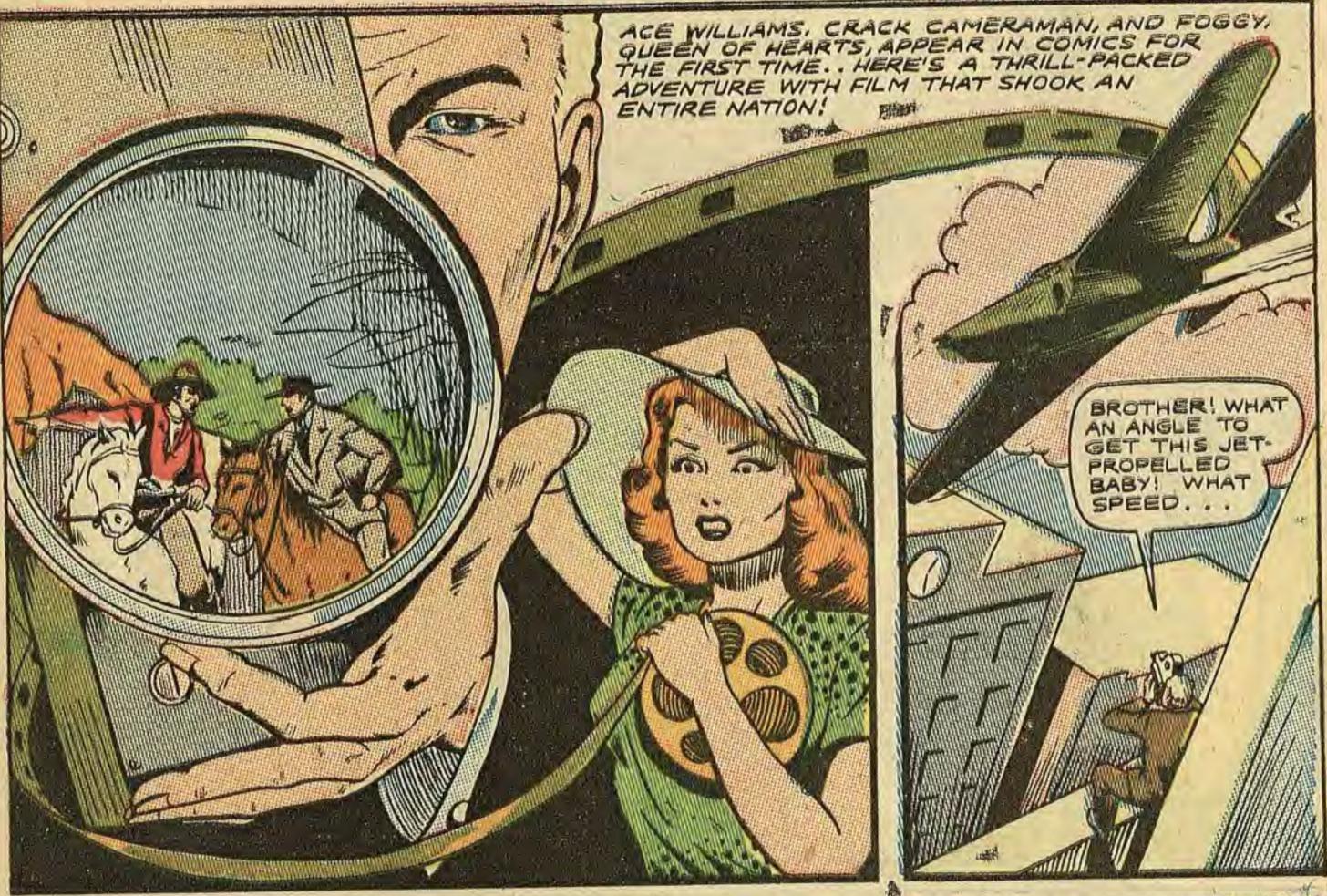






Crown Comics Winter Issue, Volume 1, #4. Published quarterly at 163 Pratt Street, Meriden, Conn. Editorial office Golfing, Inc., 407 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. Entered as second class matter March 15, 1945, at the post office at Meriden, Connecticut, under the Act March 3, 1879. Single copies 10¢. Yearly subscriptions 75¢. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by Golfing, Inc.

OF THE NEWSREELS







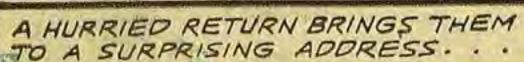












SI, SENOR, I WE KNOW ALL ABOUT READ LIPS. THAT, PROFESSOR, WHAT IN THAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS, WAY I WOULD YOU COME TO THE HELP... HOTEL FOR A WHILE?



PUZZLED, BUT WILLING, THE NATIVE ACCOMPANIES THEM ...

WE JUST DEVELOPED THESE PICTURES. NOW IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT THE MEN IN THEM ARE SAYING.





OH, THEY SPEEK OF SIMPLE THINGS, SENOR-ITA. THEY DISCUSS THEIR HORSES... SI.. THEY SPEEK OF SELLING HORSES... ONE MAN SAY PRICE TOO BEEG, AND...

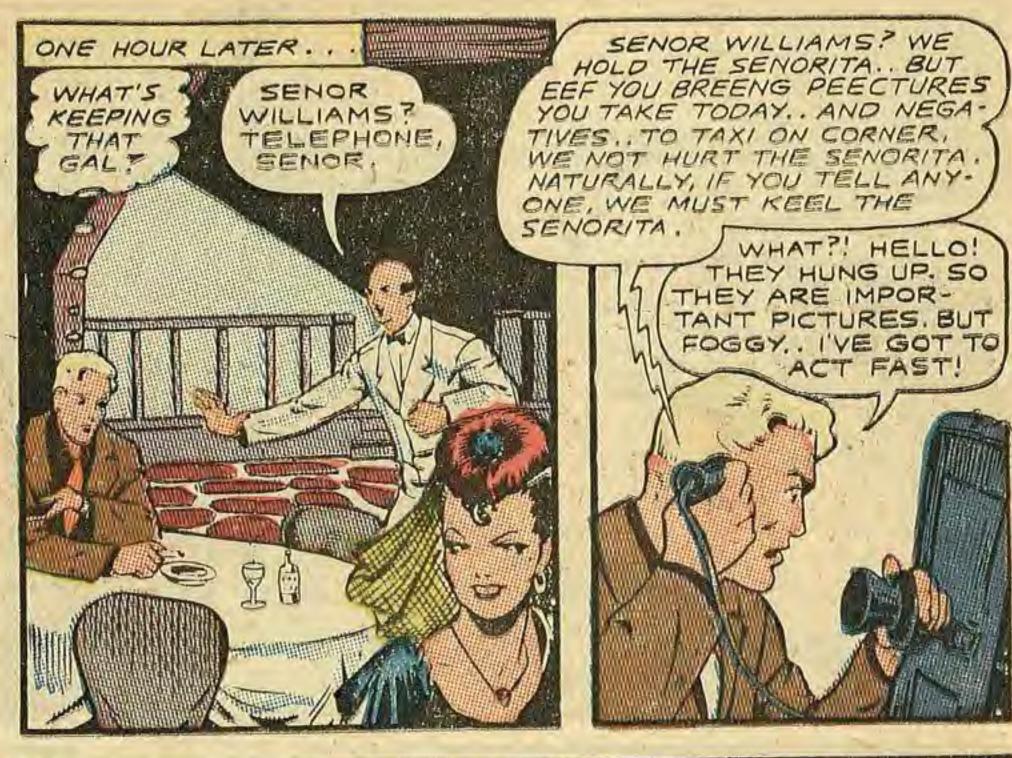


GRACIAS, SENOR, FOR
THE CHECK, ADIOS,
SENORITA.

LOOKS
LIKE I
BUNGLED... TSK,
AFTER
ALL OUR
TROUBLE
TO LOCATE
TO LOCATE
THE PROFESSOR
AND EVERYTHING...





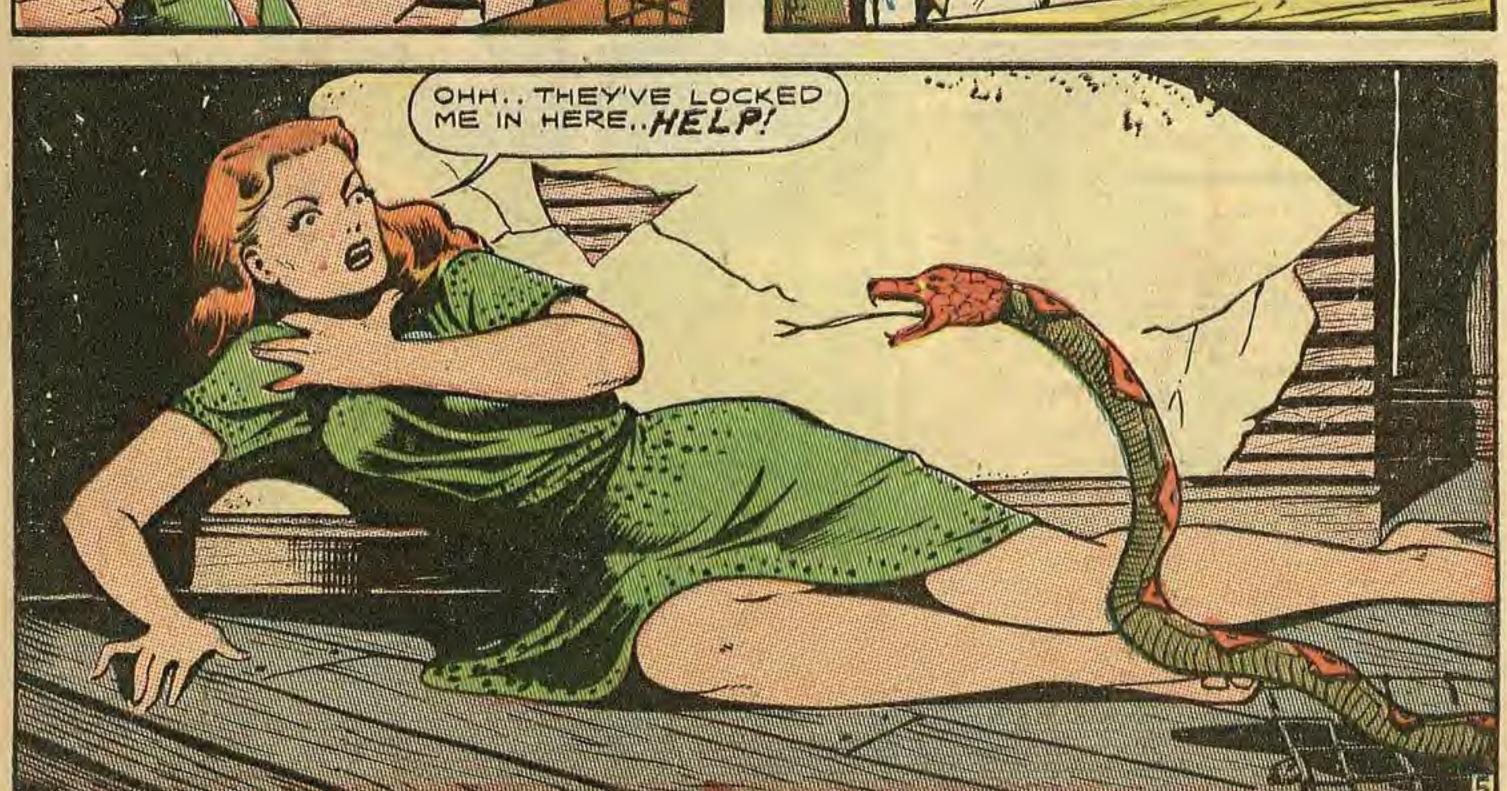


VERY SIMPLE. WE

THEN WE LEAVE.

OPEN CAGE ..

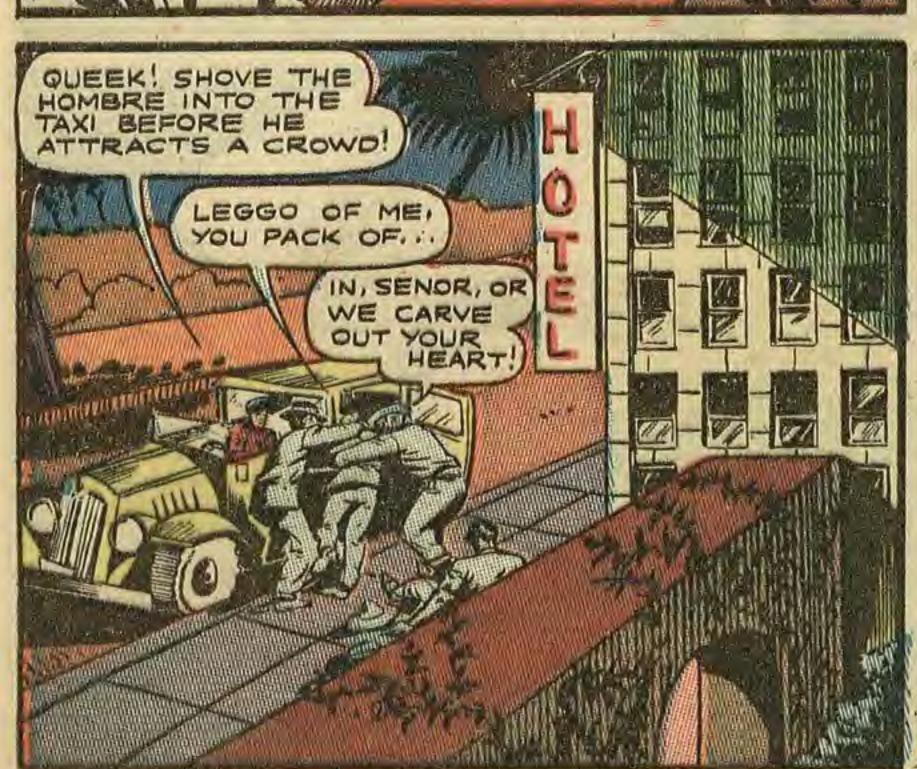
















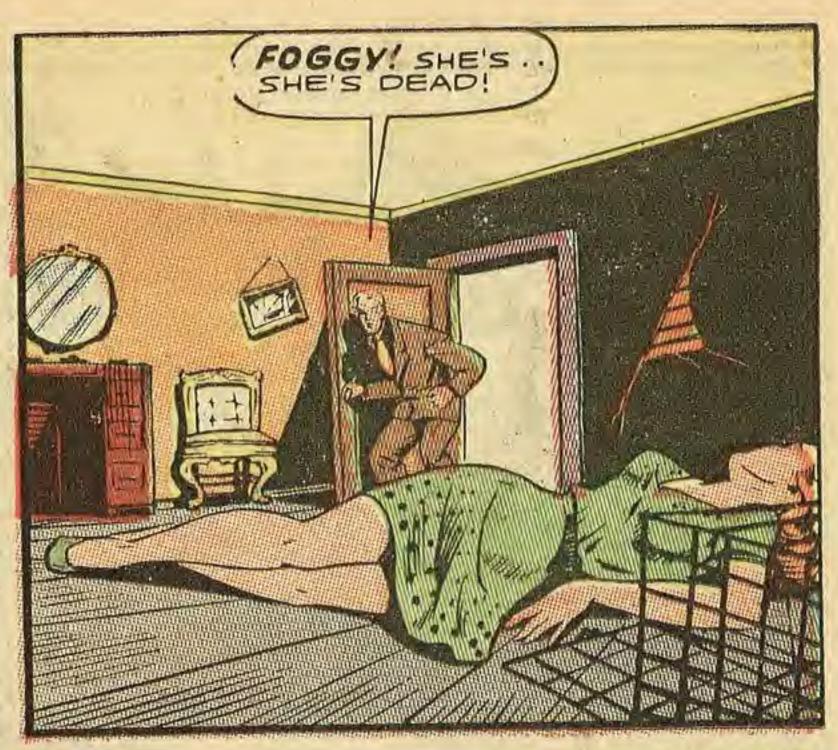


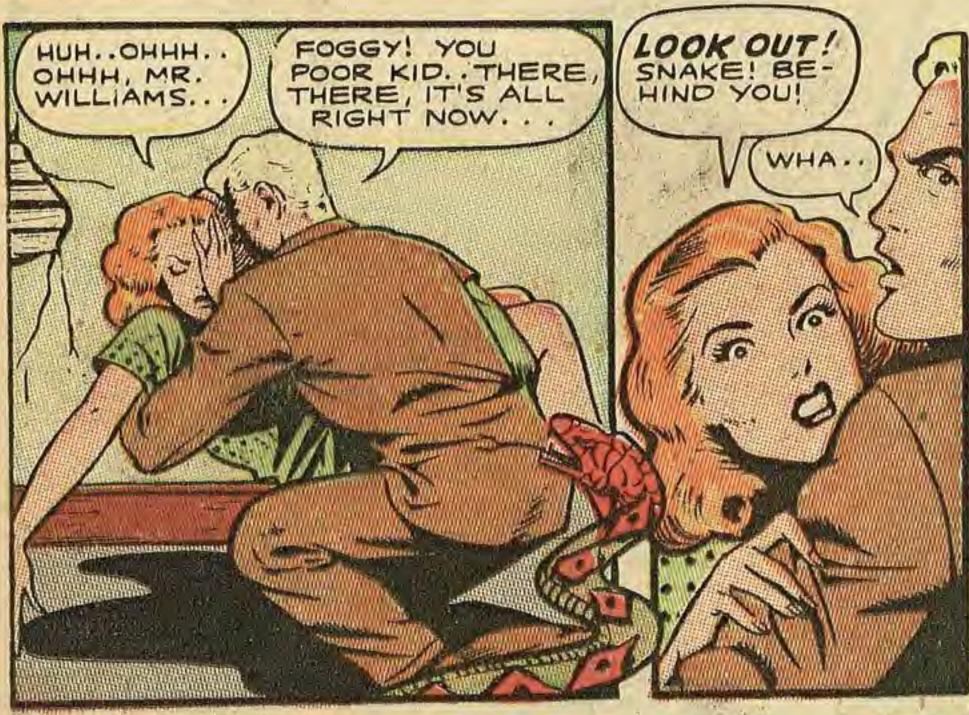




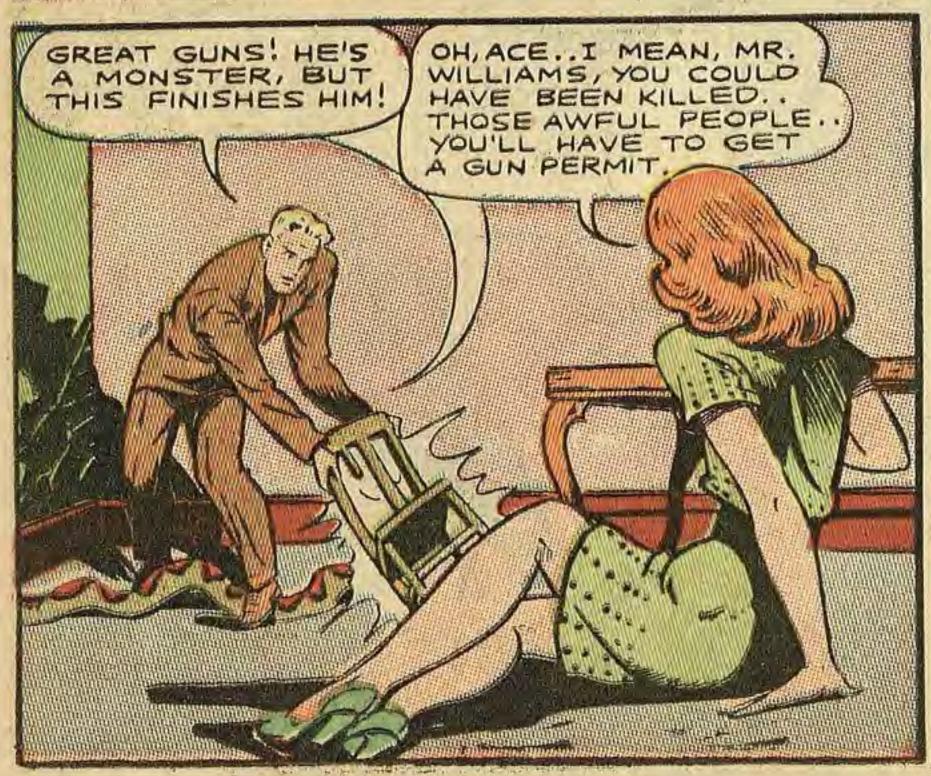




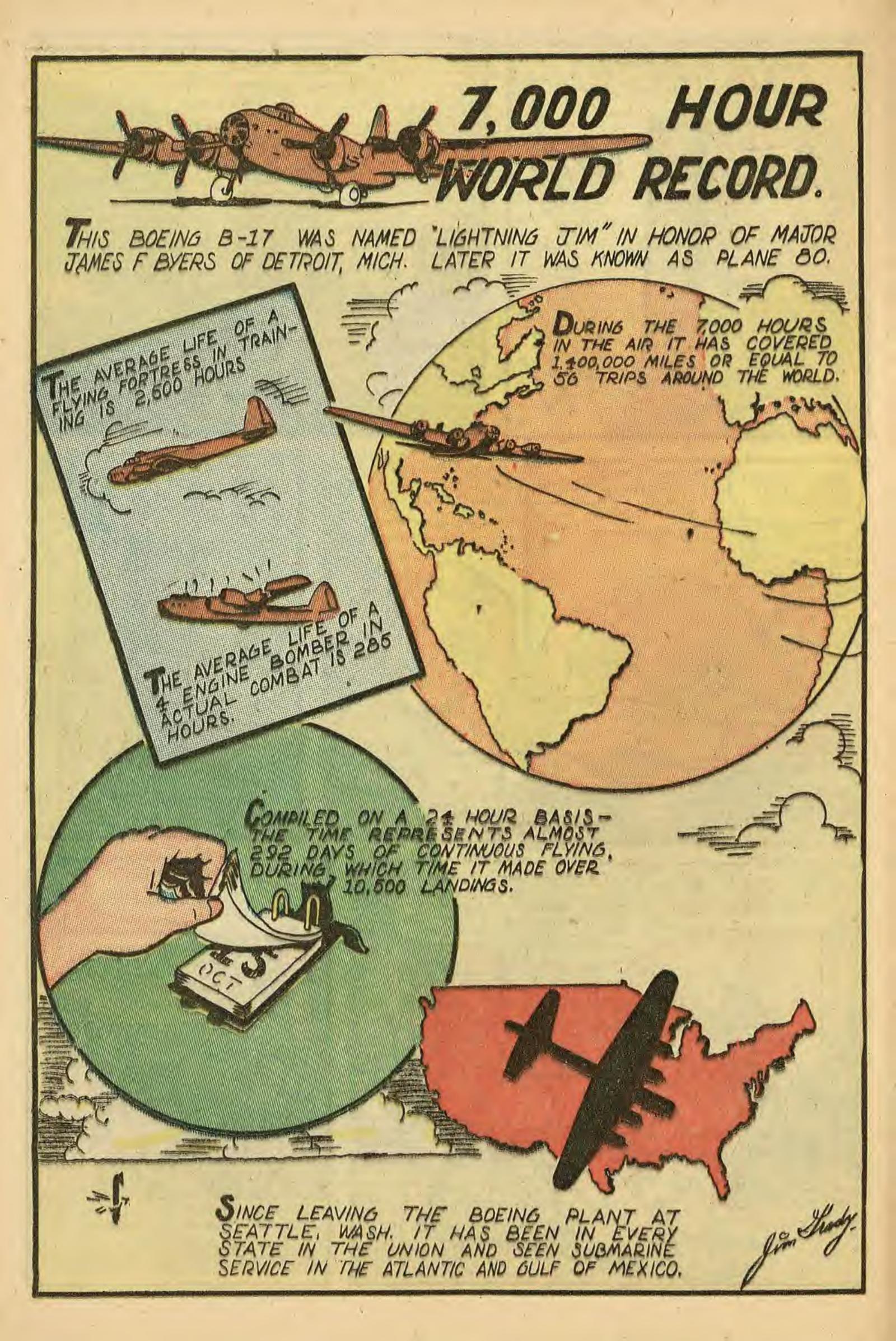


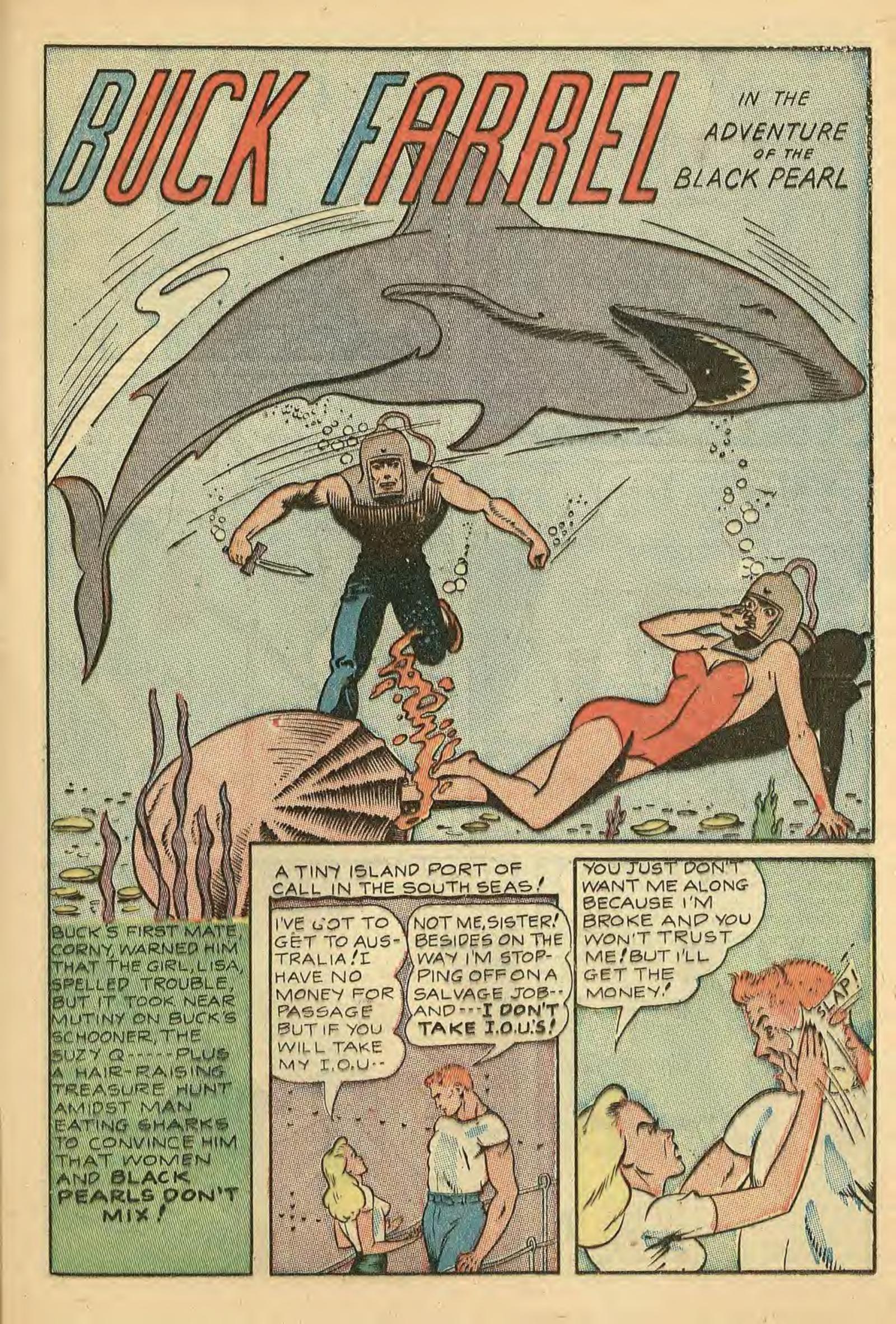




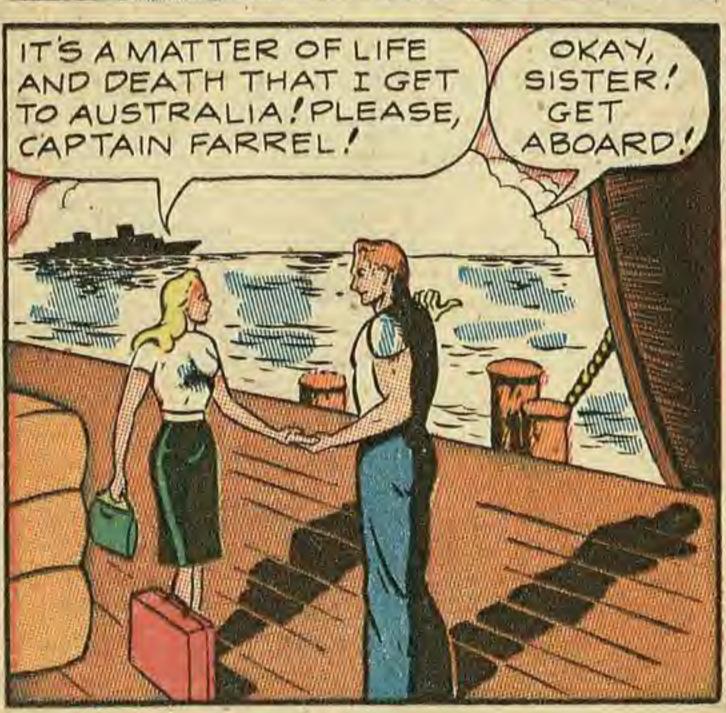


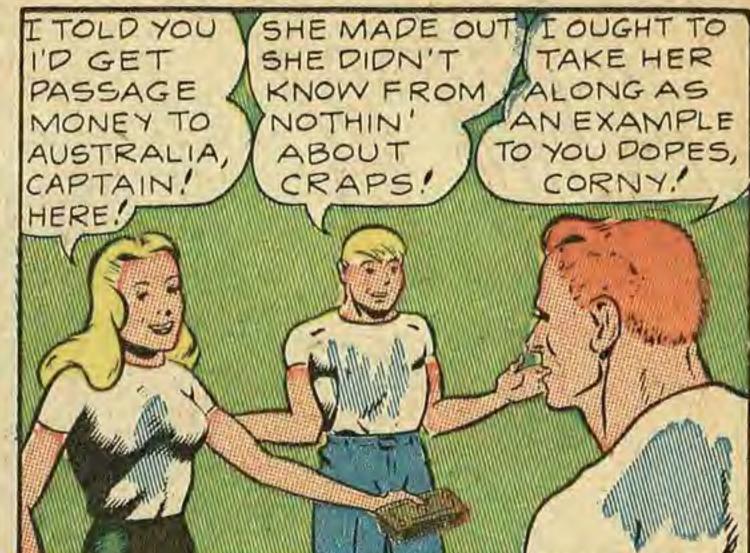




















-- WE'RE OVER THE PEARL OYSTER BANKS! MATTI SAYS THAT RIGHT BELOW IS THE HUGE PEARL OYSTER----

THAT FOUR NATIVE PEARL DIVERS HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES TRYING TO BRING IN?







LISTEN, LUSCIOUS!
SHARKS GOT THOSE
NATIVE DIVERS!
THAT MAMMOTH
PEARL OYSTER
IS JUST NATIVE
SUPERSTITION!
FORGET IT!



LATER --- LISA PULLS

OYSTER DOWNTHERE
WITH A PEARL IN IT, LISA
IS GOING TO FIND IT!

LISA, YOU FOOL! COME BACK WITH THAT HELMET!



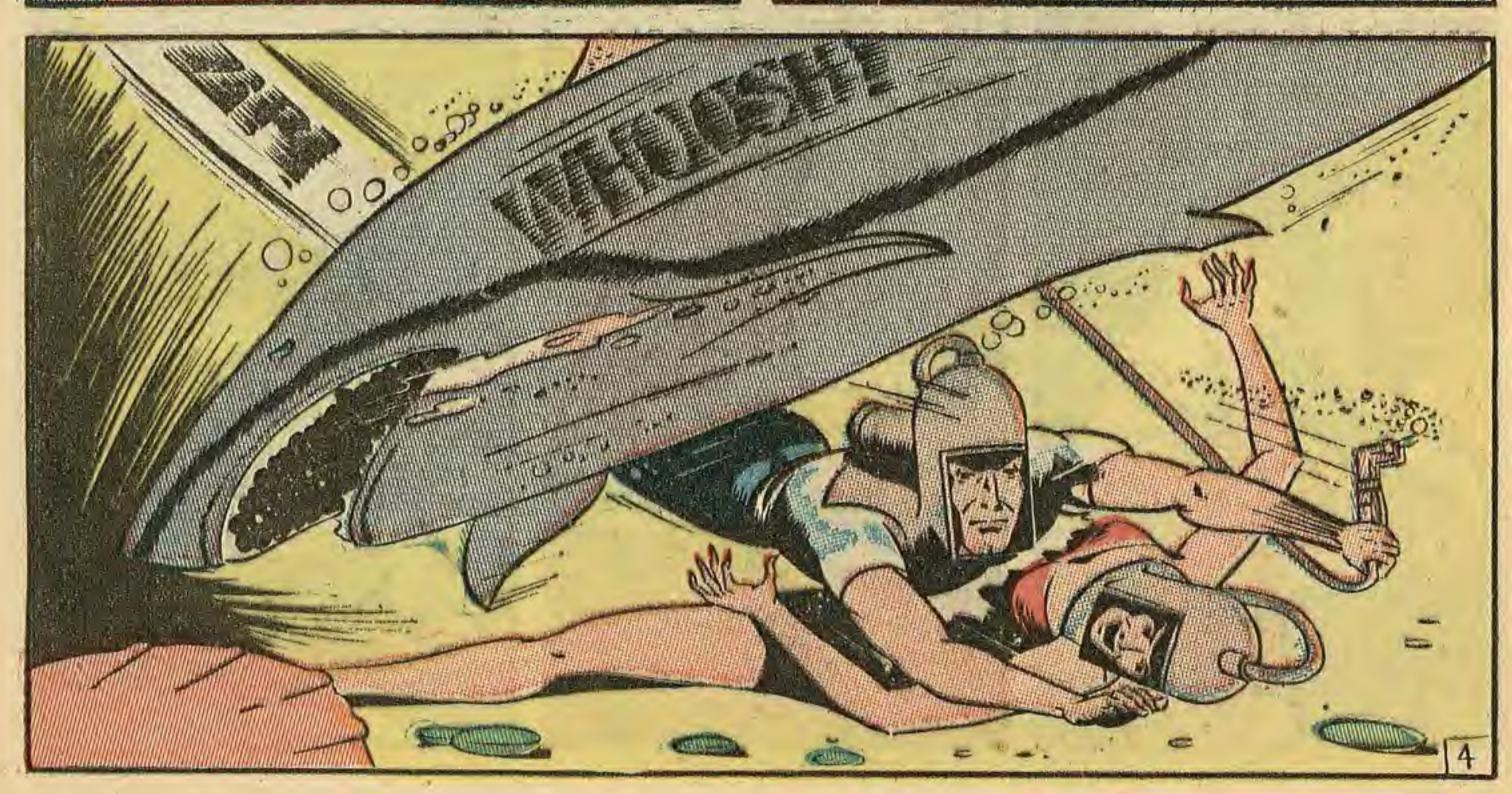


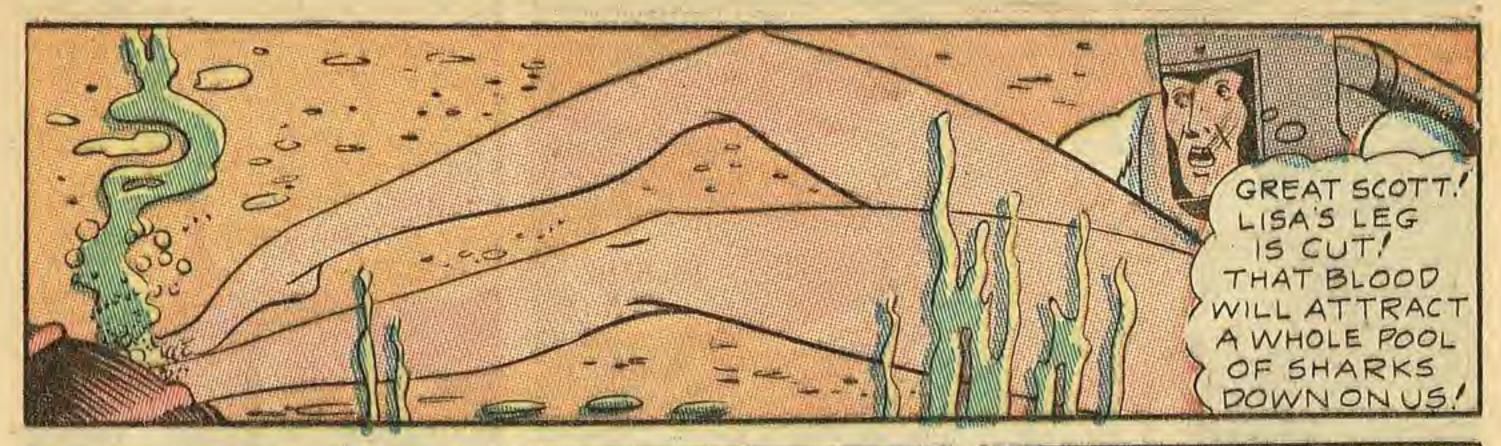


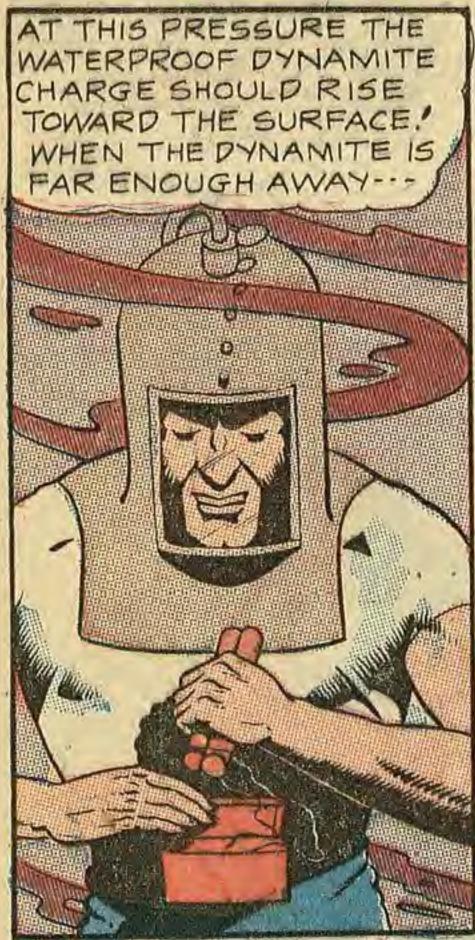


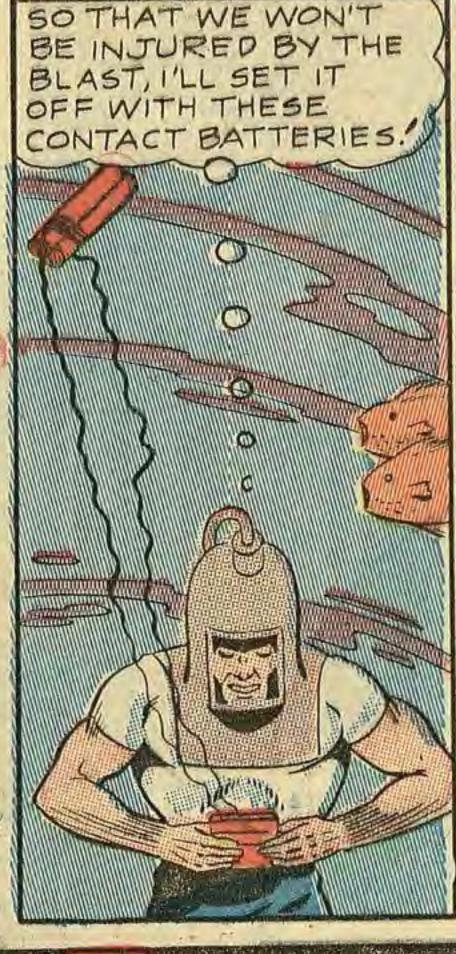




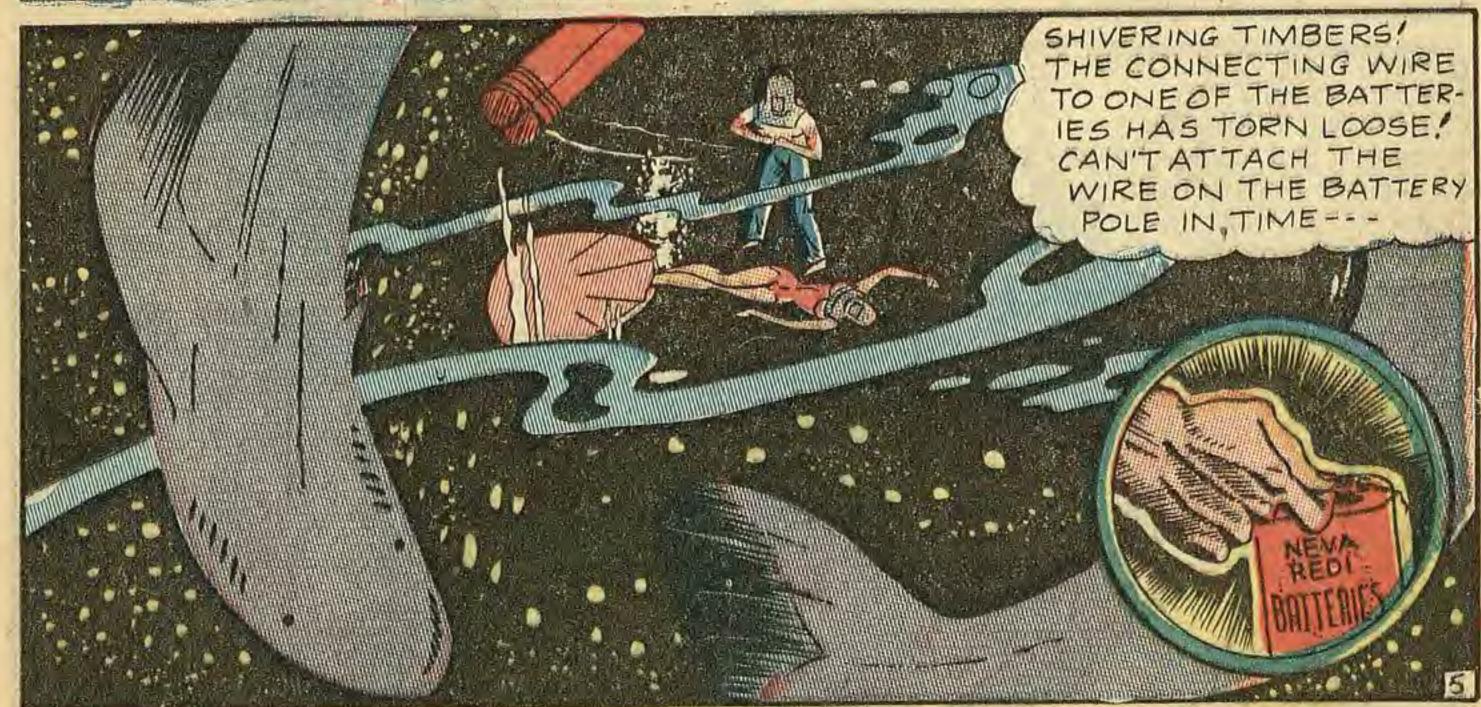


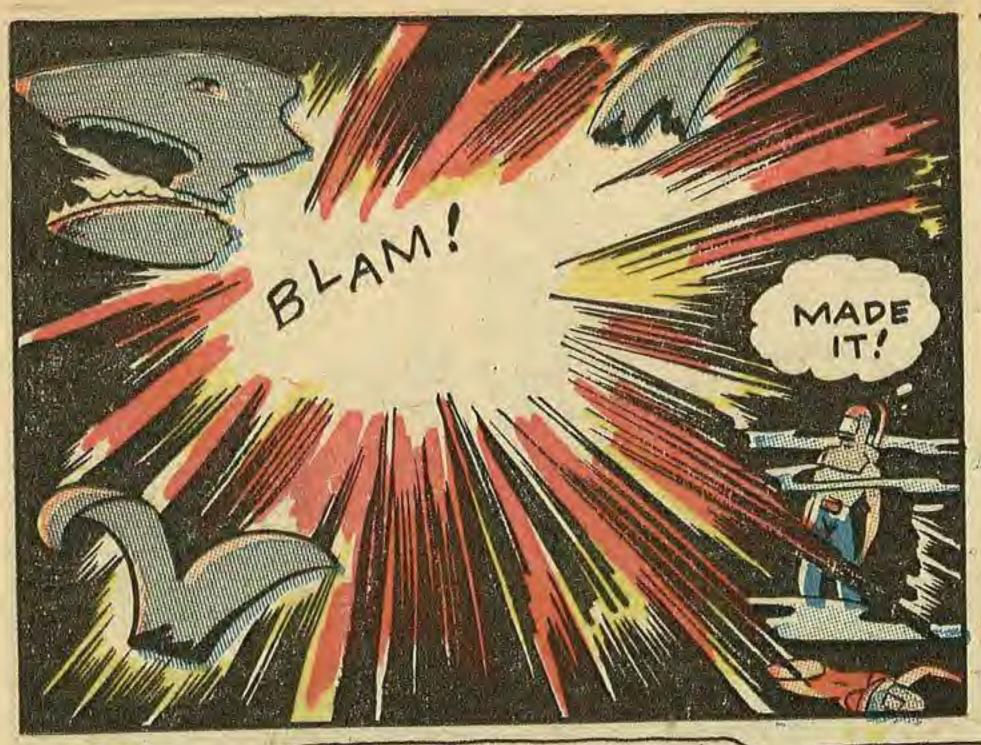








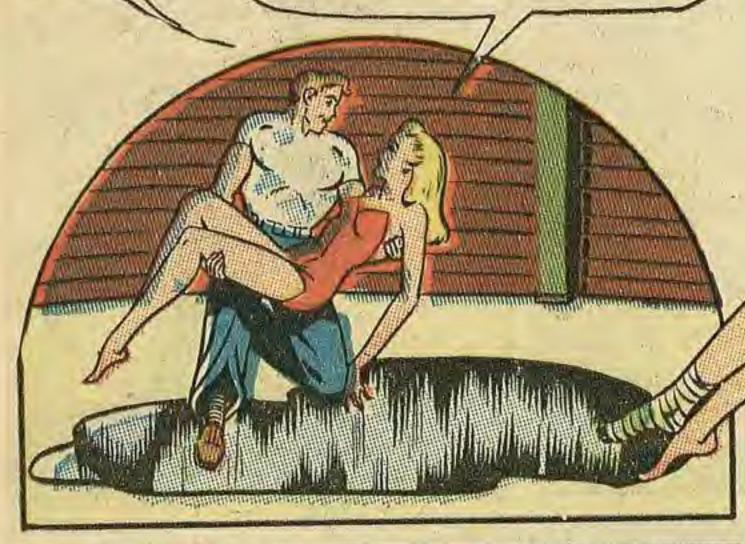






WHAT DO YOU MEAN,? NOW? BUCK, I'M A-A-MURDERESS!
I'M RETURNING TO
AUSTRALIA TO CLEAR
THE MAN ACCUSED OF
MY CRIME!

I KILLED A MAN IN SELF DEFENSE!
BUT I WAS TERRIFIED AT WHAT I'D
DONE AND RAN AWAY! WELL, I'M
GOING BACK TO FACE IT!





I WENT AFTER THAT
PEARL OYSTER
BECAUSE I NEED
MONEY SO BADLY FOR
A GOOD DEFENSE
LAWYER AND AN
INVESTIGATION.

I BROUGHT UP THE OYSTER, LISA! THIS BLACK PEARL WAS IN IT! I'LL CUT YOU IN ON WHAT IT

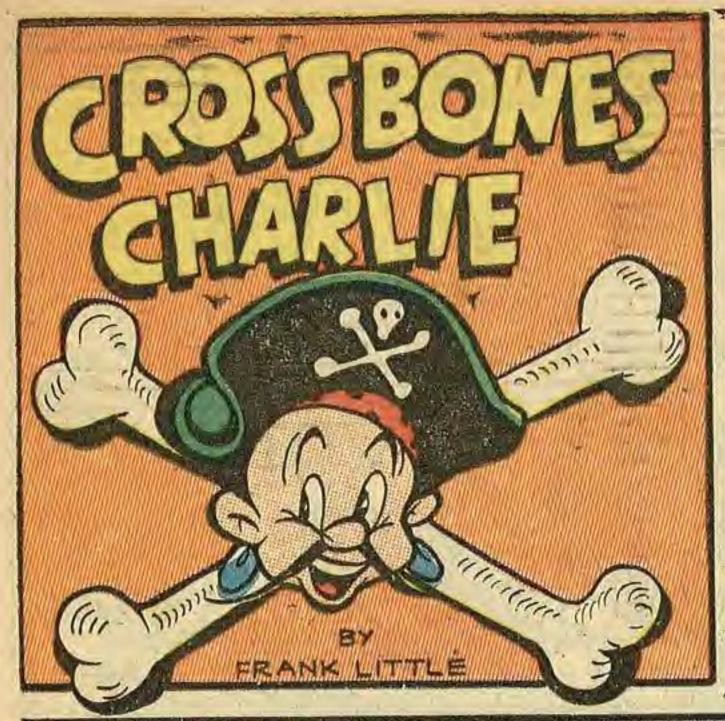


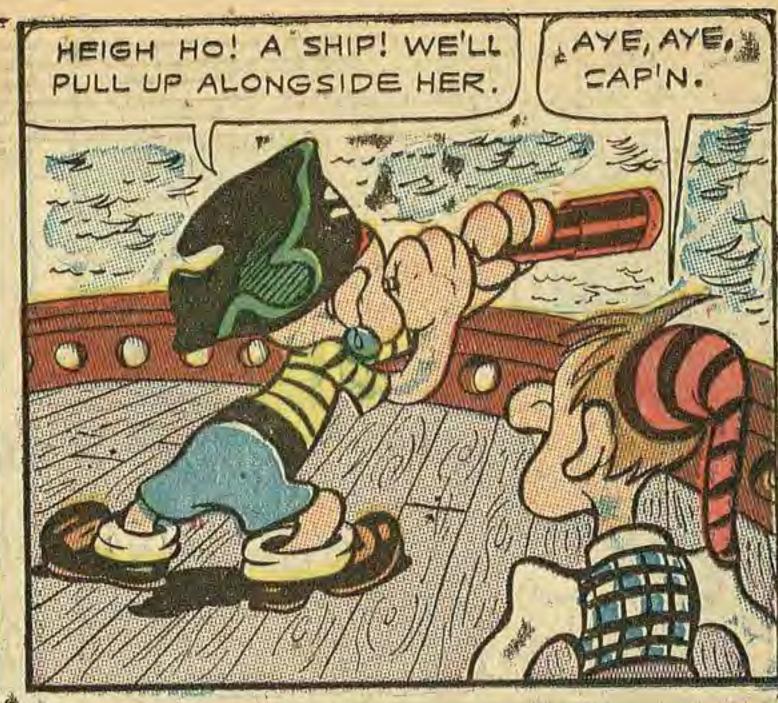
PROMISE!

HERE'S YOUR SHARE ON THE SALE OF THE PEARL, LISA! GOOD LUCK,

ALL THIS! BUCK, NOW
I REALLY HAVE
HOPE OF CLEARING
MYSELF! I'LL NEVER
FORGET YOU!

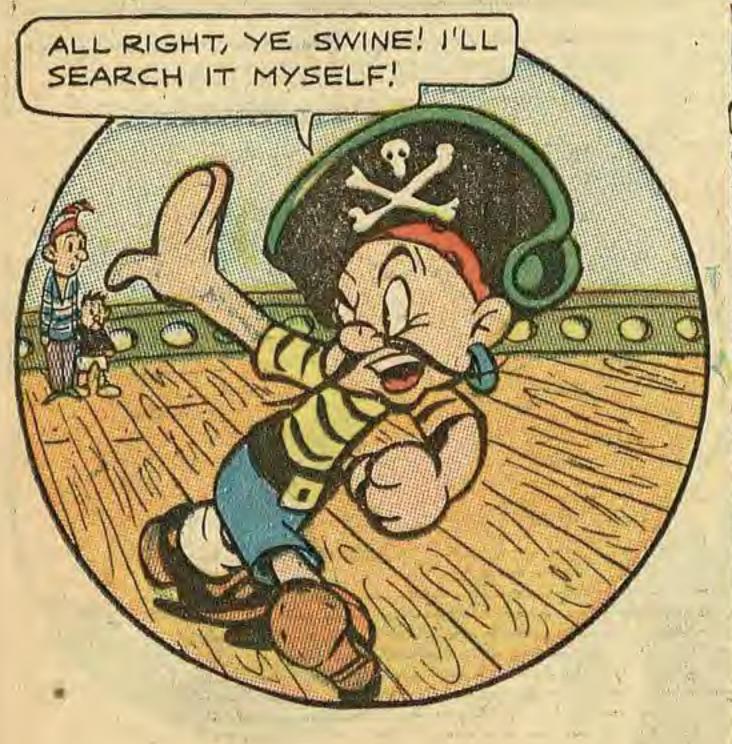








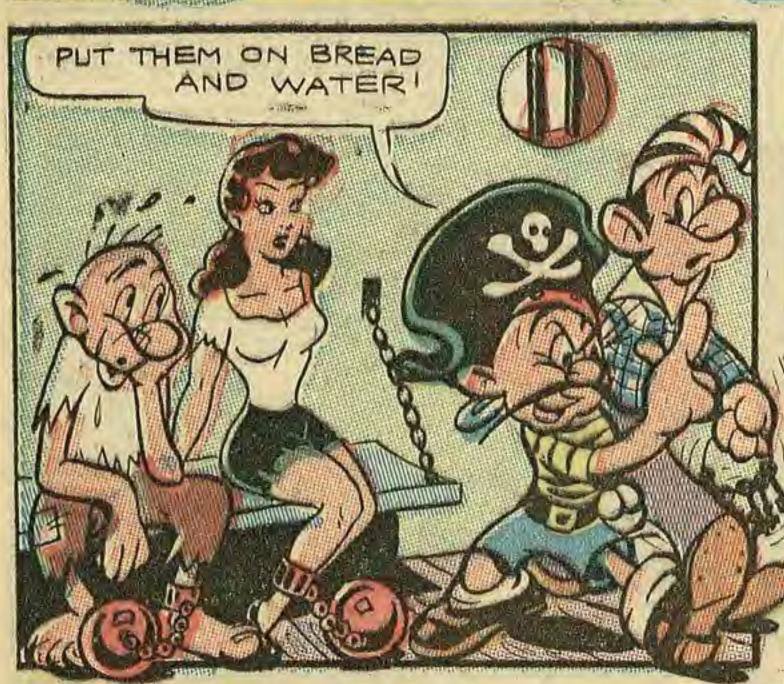


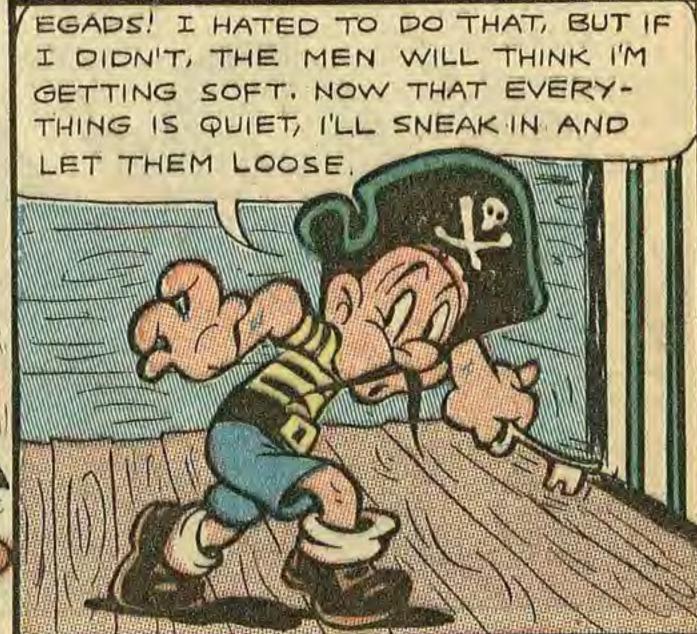


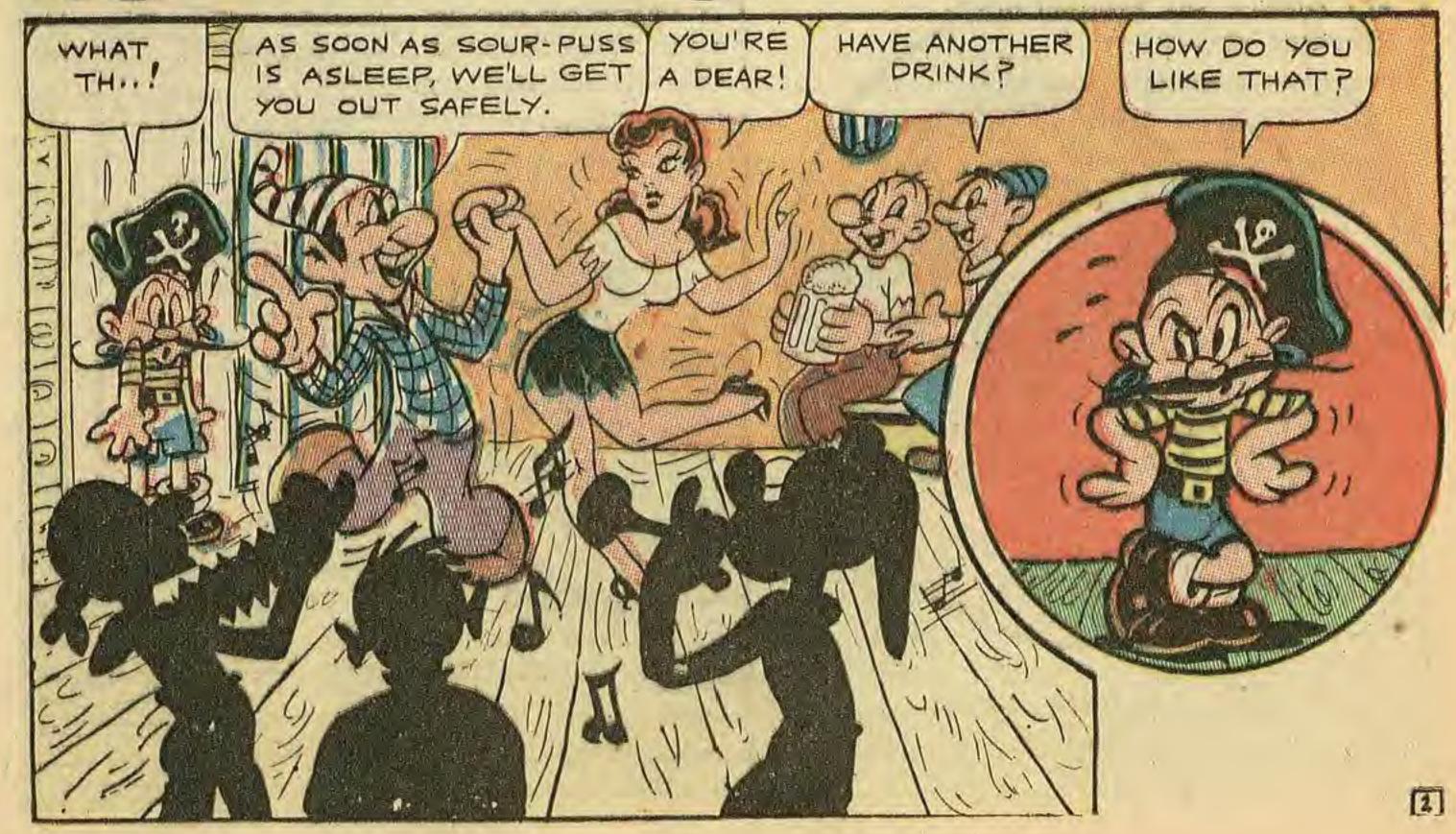












CRAZY LIKE A COP

By CHARLES MANNING

Lord bless that green sod, in the year 1924. I was a lad at the time, a brawny lad and a reckless one, but even then I had a level head on my wide shoulders. Two years after I set foot on the Battery, and still nothing but a lad, I joined the Force. And if I'm a Captain now, and I am, I owe it to nothing more nor less than my own brains and to what a more delicate man might call "intestinal fortitude".

And who is this braggart, you are asking? And why must he take up good time by relating the story of his life? A worthy question, indeed, and only proves my point—that it is a good story and that I, Captain Timothy O'Day, is the one to be telling it to you. Because, after nineteen years on the Force, who would be better fitted to judge a rookie cop than myself?

You thought the story was about me? You're wrong entirely. This tale is about a wild young spalpeen, wilder than ever I was, by the name of Bumpy Ferguson. I knew his mother, God rest her soul, before she picked a better man to marry, and when young Bumpy came along I was by way of being a godfather. It was decided early that he was to join the Force when he was of an age.

That's what I thought. Then one day young Bumpy Ferguson comes to my office.

"Well, youngster," says I,
"you're looking fine. Though
those clothes are a little slick

looking. 'Tis my thought you'll look better in blue."

I thought it the better judgement not to tell him what I
really thought of his clothes.
Not that they were bad clothes,
mind you, except for being a
bit on the flashy side—the kind
I had seen Tony Briggs wearing the last time his smart lawyer got him acquitted. No, what
was bothering me was that such
clothes cost money and, as I
well knew, young Bumpy had
no money.

I saw now that the lad was uneasy. "That's what I came to tell you, sir," says he. "I'm not going to wear blue. I'm not going to join the Force!"

To tell the truth I wasn't surprised. The lad had passed his examinations well and stood high on the list yet, as I say, it was no surprise. I'd heard tales aplenty about the lad. Stories linking his name with Tony Briggs, the king pin of the gangsters. 'Twas said that Bumpy was serving his apprenticeship with Tony and that he'd been in on some of the big jobs -such as the stick-up of the Grant Federated Vaults, which we had never been able to pin on Tony or any of his crowd.

So I was thinking hard, now, as you can see. I was fighting, too, fighting for young Bumpy's life in a manner of speaking. It was clever I needed to be, for Bumpy was as head-strong and impetuous as ever I was myself. Before I spoke I asked the spirit of his dear, dead mother to give me cunning. And an answer she must have sent, for

I had an idea, then, all in a second

"Bumpy," says I, "I don't know that I blame you entirely. A cop's life, as the fellow says in the song, isn't exactly a happy one. It's long hours and bad weather and always the danger of death creeping up behind you. No, Bumpy, I don't blame you. If I had it to do over I'm thinking I would be something else."

"Captain," says Bumpy, and you could see the relief creeping over his handsome face, "Captain, I'm glad you see things my way. I was afraid you might not understand . . ."

"Understand?" I interrupted, "sure and I understand. But there is just one thing, Bumpy. I promised your dear mother that you would join the Force. And with me, being a religious man, a promise is a solemn thing. Now, Bumpy, if you would just put on the uniform and take your rookie training—that would fulfill my promise. Then you could resign, quiet like, and go your way. How about it, lad?"

It's an old fox I am. I knew it would be hard for the lad to refuse me, and to be sure he didn't. He didn't like it, but he promised to be on hand the following Monday to begin his rookie's training. Round one to me.

A world of planning there was to do. Planning and timing of such incidents as would appear accidental or routine to Bumpy, but were in reality all part of a scheme. In my desk drawer I had always a full re-

port on the lad's progress and it did my heart good to see what progress he made, and how quickly he caught the knack of police work. He had the makings of a splendid cop, he did.

Finally came the day when he was to go on duty with an older and experienced man. Morgan, the officer was, and I had talked to him the day before. He knew what he was to do.

That night, after midnight, I came back to the office. Harry the Stool was waiting for me, a little, dried up weasel of a man. Harry lived in constant fear of his life and it had begun to show in his face. I hated working with such men, but it was necessary to the plan.

"Do you understand, Harry, what you're to do?" As I was speaking I riffled the bills between my fingers and watched his eyes widen.

"Sure, Captain," he says, "I go to Tony Briggs and tip him off about Mendel's Fur Shop. No watchman and the timer ain't workin' on the vault. He'll have to do it tomorrow night on account of the watchman will be coming back soon."

"And a rookie cop on the beat," I told him. "Don't forget that!"

It was a long one, that next day. But it finally dragged itself away and the night came on. Sure and it had to be raining happs, but that was not so bad. I stayed at home, drinking strong coffee and cleaning my old Smith & Wesson until the clock said midnight. Then I slipped into an old black slicker, and headed for the East side of town.

I was huddling in the shadows when Bumpy came along, trying doors and putting his light into

the shops. He was alone and I knew that Morgan had obeyed instructions and gotten sick at the last moment, when it was too late to get a substitute.

Hardly was Bumpy out of sight down the street than a car came rolling stealthily around the corner and stopped before the fur shop. A truck followed the car and in the time I'm taking to tell of it they had the truck backed up to a side entrance and were working on the door.

I let them get the truck half loaded and looked at my watch. Bumpy was due back in ten minutes. My hand was on the cold gun butt in my pocket and then, at the last minute, I lost my nerve. Who was I to take chances with a boy's life? Who could tell what a bunch of gangsters would do? They had, everyone, killed in their time. It was a bad half minute there in the dark and rain, before I pulled the gun and started for the truck. If the good Lord and Bumpy's mother were watching they would understand. . . .

I surprised them. They snarled and made threats, but I had them cold. Too cold. I had to act like a sap and break all the rules before one of them got up nerve enough to slug me from the rear-after I had deliberately stepped in front of him. I heard him shift his feet and so rolled with the blow. It didn't put me out. But I played dead and they carried me into the shop and dumped me in a closet while they went on loading furs into the truck. I waited. It was time for the call now, at the box nearby, warning Bumpy of the burglary.

I knew the plan had failed and was cursing myself for a

the shops. He was alone and I fool when I heard Bumpy's

"Get your hands up, you . . ."
Silence. Then: "It's you, Tony!
But how come—on my beat?
I told you I'd be out of this
uniform in a month."

"This couldn't wait, kid. Now put up that heater and take a walk. When you come back we'll be gone. You didn't see nothin', get it!"

Bumpy's voice came back, crisp and strong, "Where's the watchman? You know I don't stand for any rough stuff."

"Naw, kid, of course not. We don't hurt nobody. Now beat it."

My cue. I let out a yelp you could have heard in Dublin. "Help ... Help ... in here. Get me out of here, Bumpy."

I heard jostling and cursing and then the door opened and a light beat down on my face.

Bumpy swore. "Captain O'Day—your face! Why, that dirty lying rat. . . ."

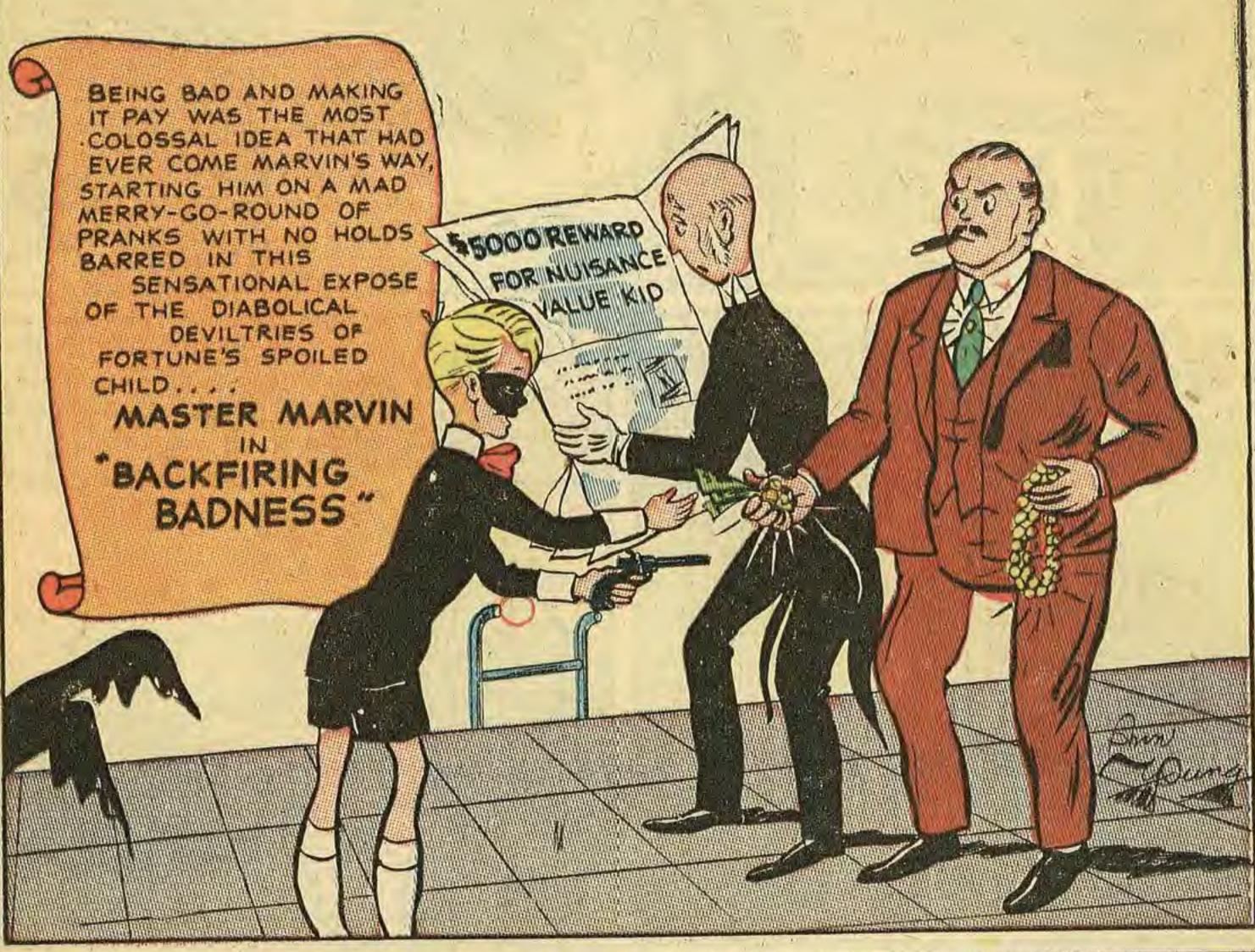
It was short and deadly. Tony made his one big mistake and tried to play with guns. Bumpy drilled him through the head. Then the boys came in from where I'd planted them and it was all over. According to plan.

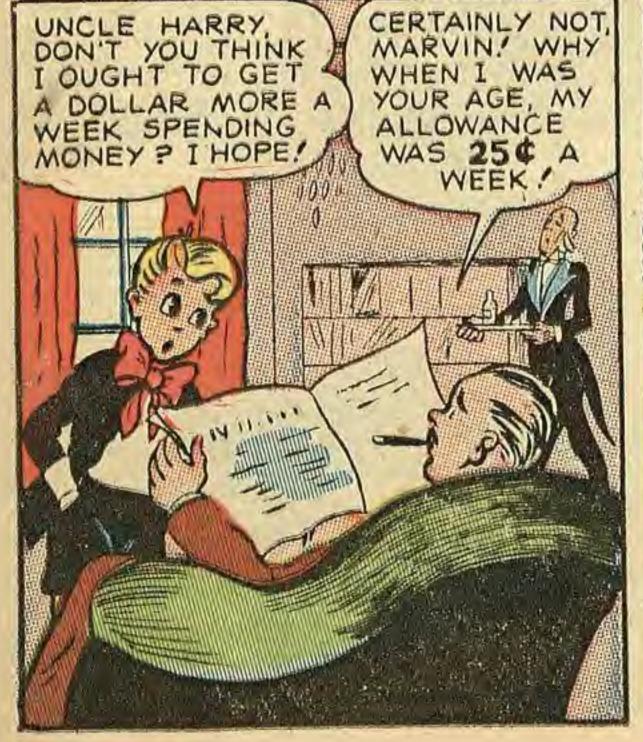
Well, almost according to plan. They gave me a medal and said it was a swell idea and why hadn't I thought of tricking Tony Briggs before? And Bumpy, the day he went on the regular Force, had a drink with me in Duffy's and it was easy to see he thought I was something.

"You do it so easy, sir," the kid says. "I hope police work is as easy for me as it is for you."

Easy? Harps and saints! Try slugging yourself in the face for ten minutes with the butt of a gun.

MASTER MARVIN









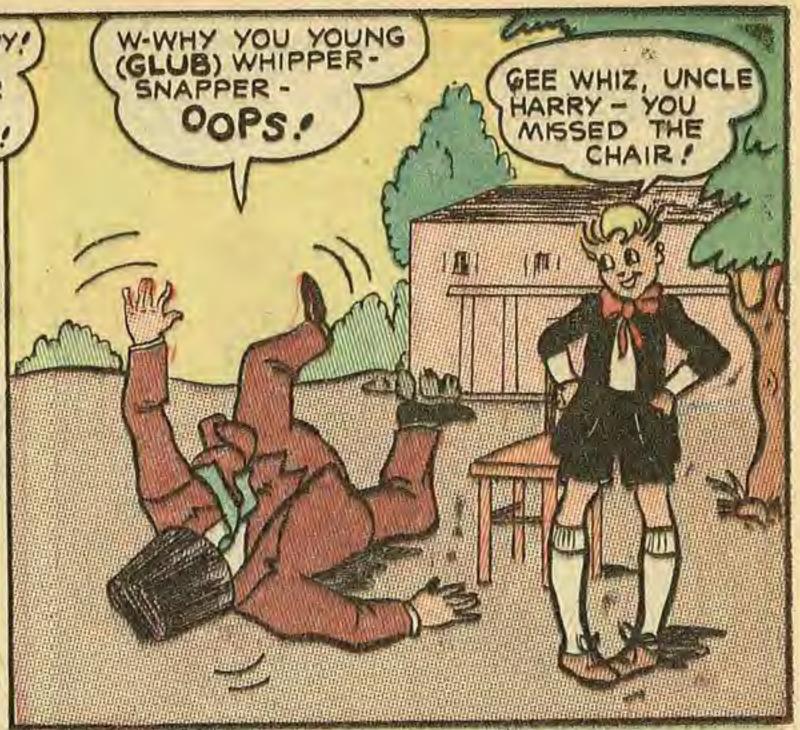




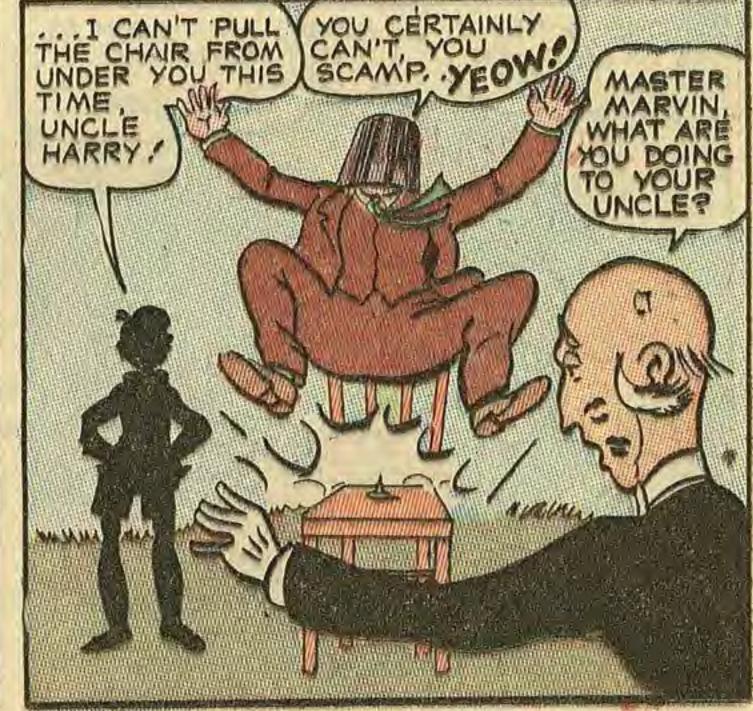








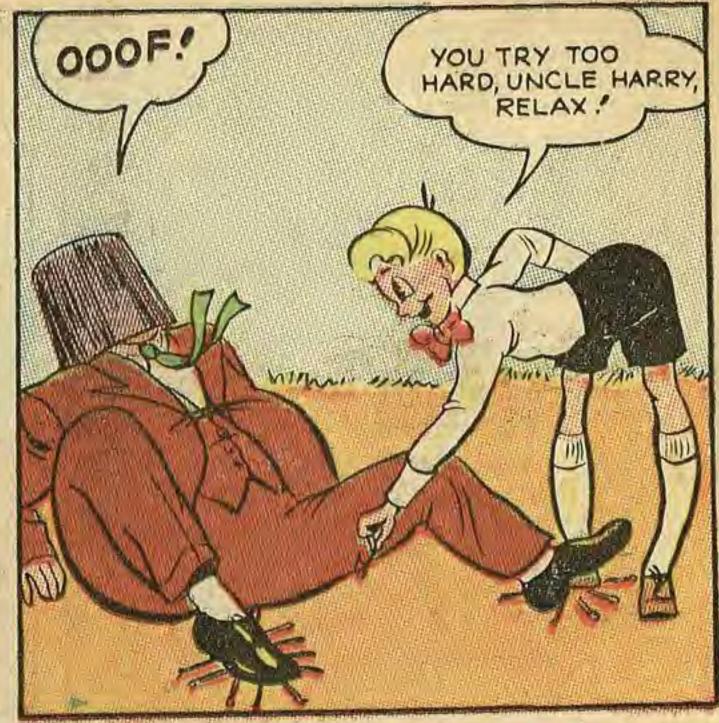










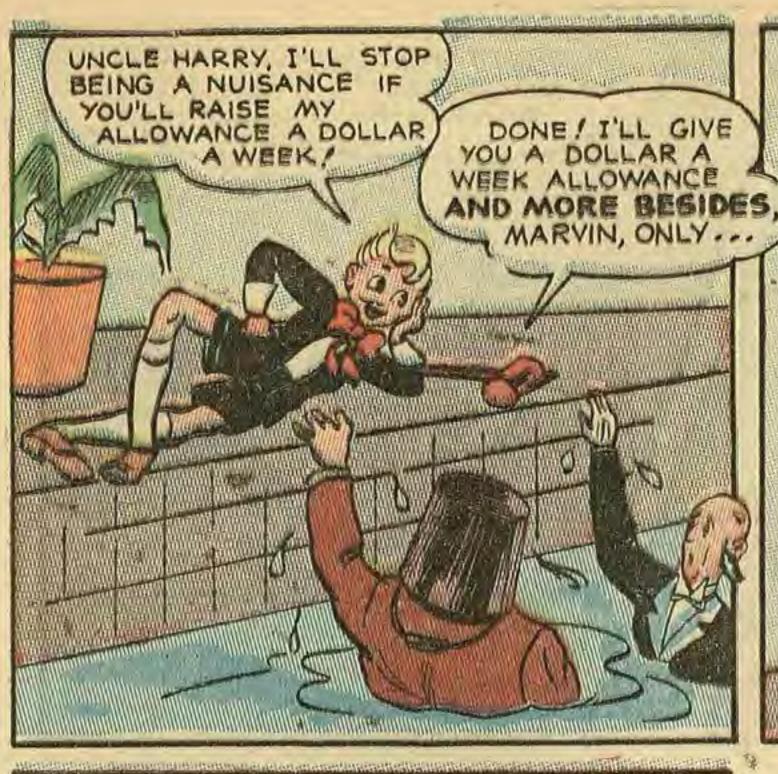


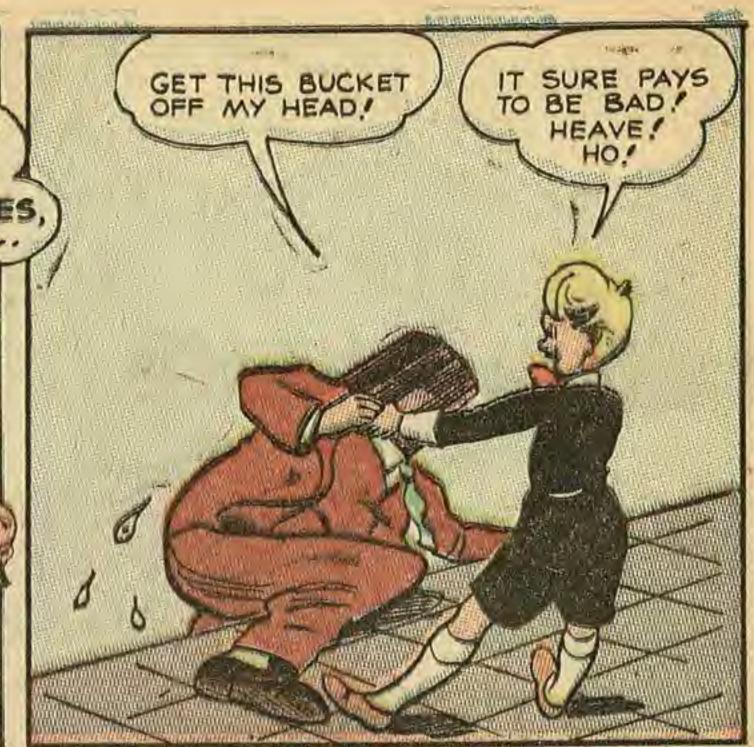






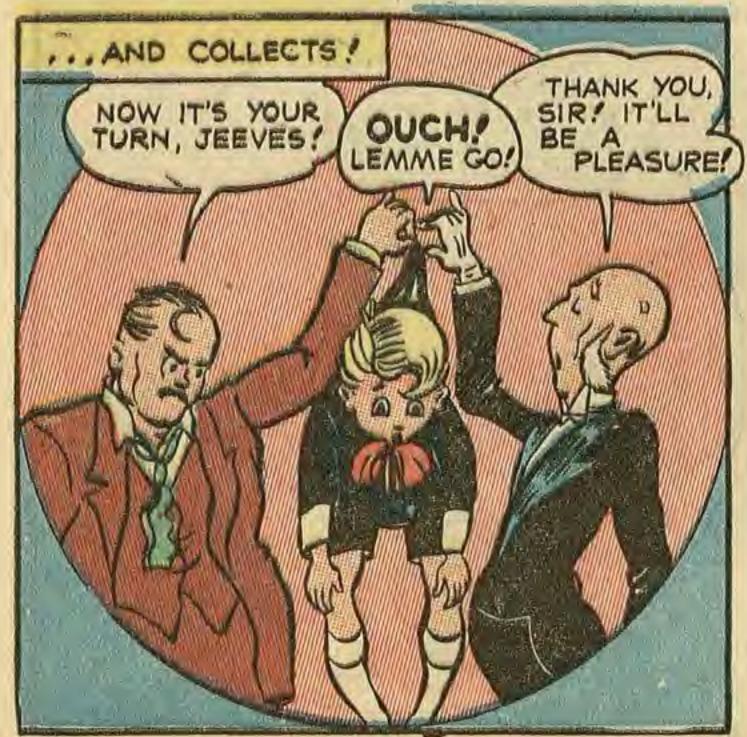


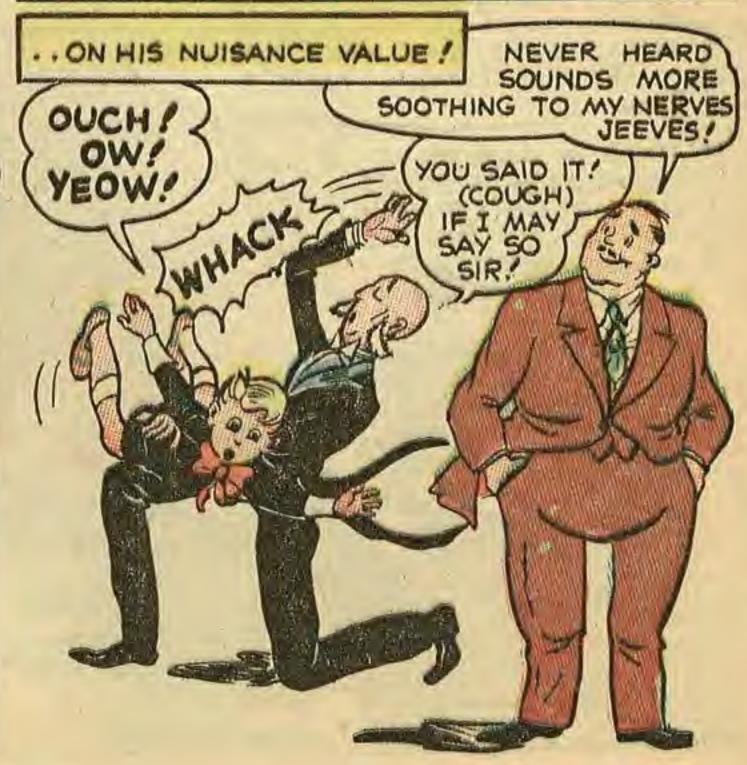




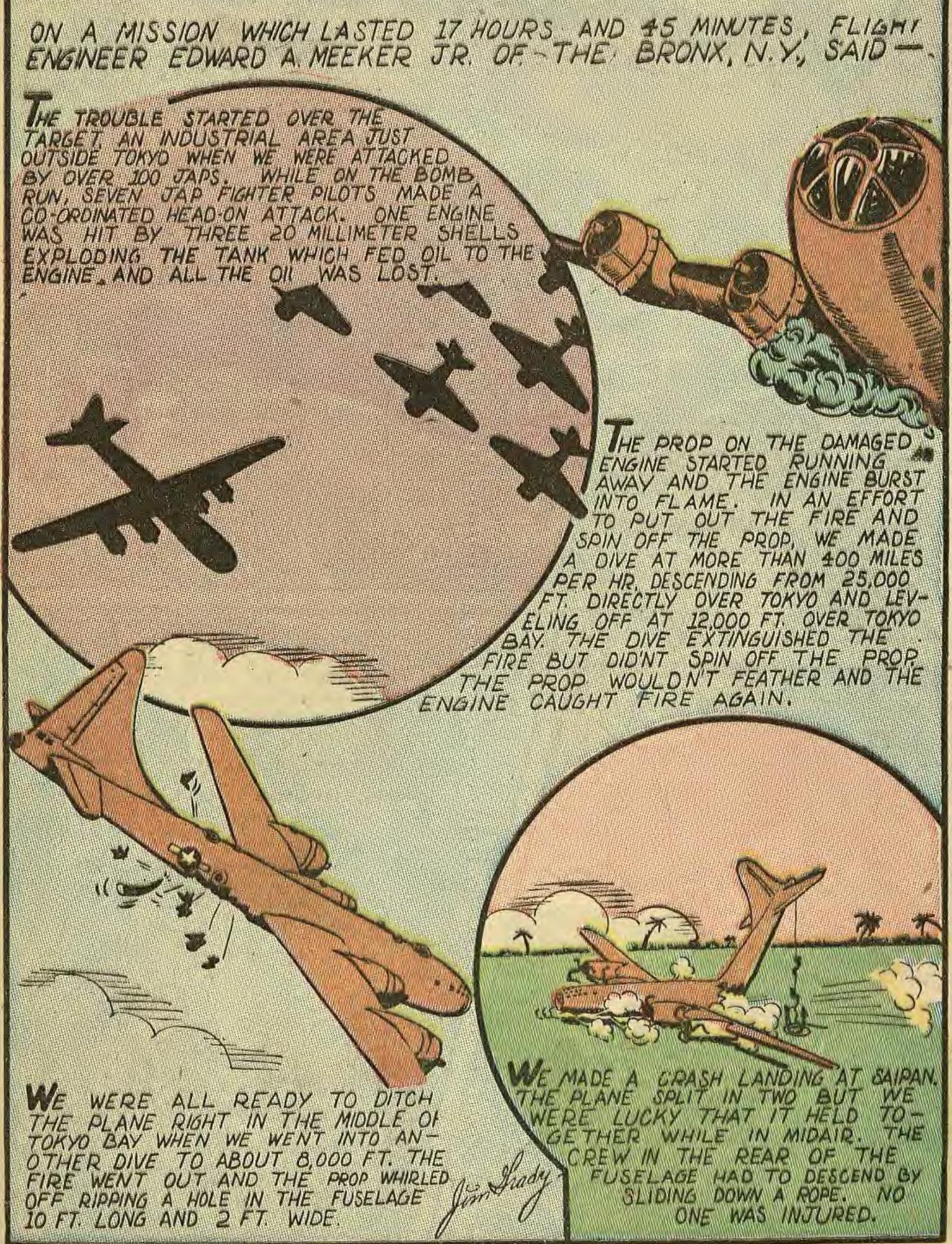








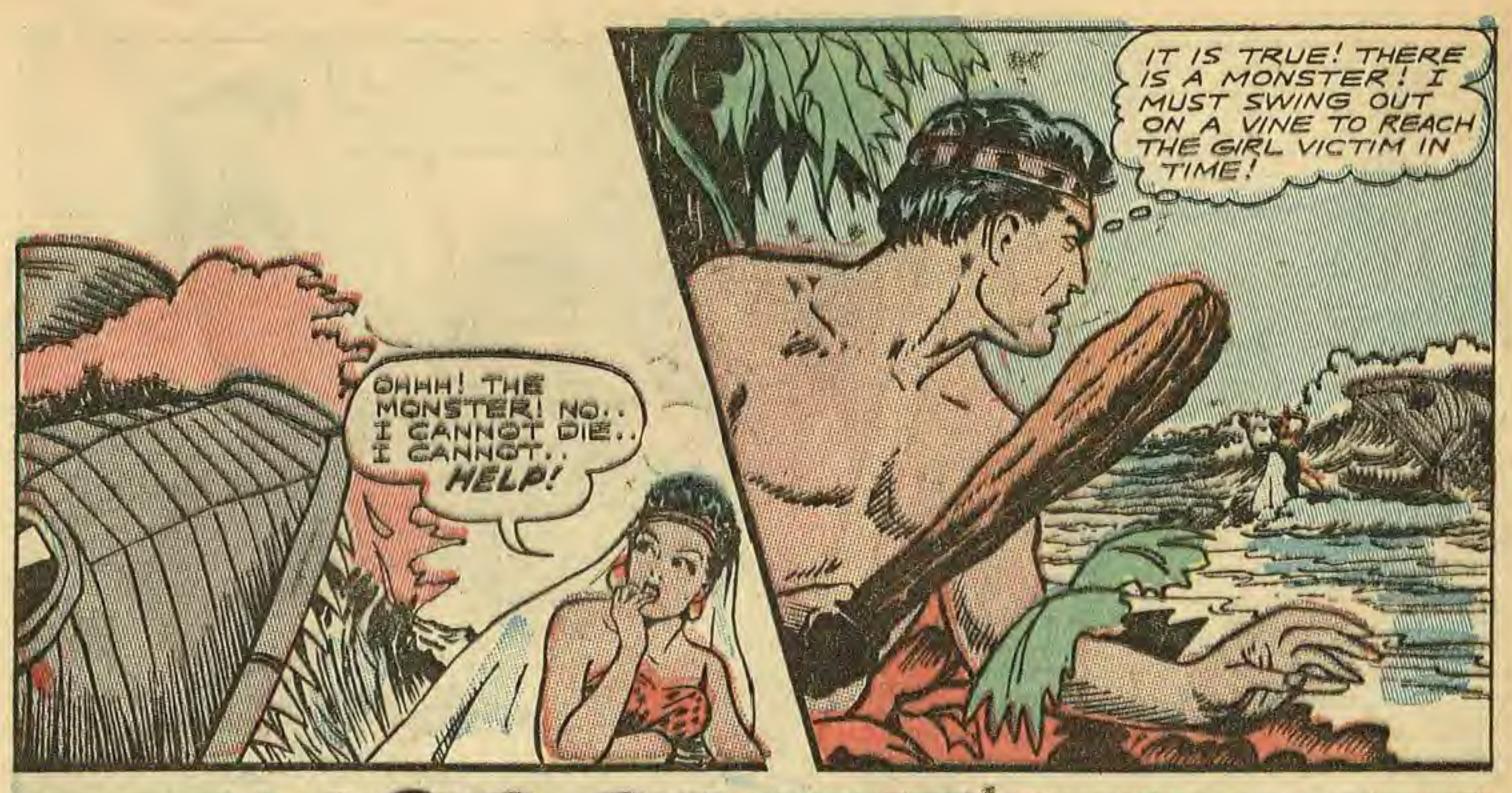


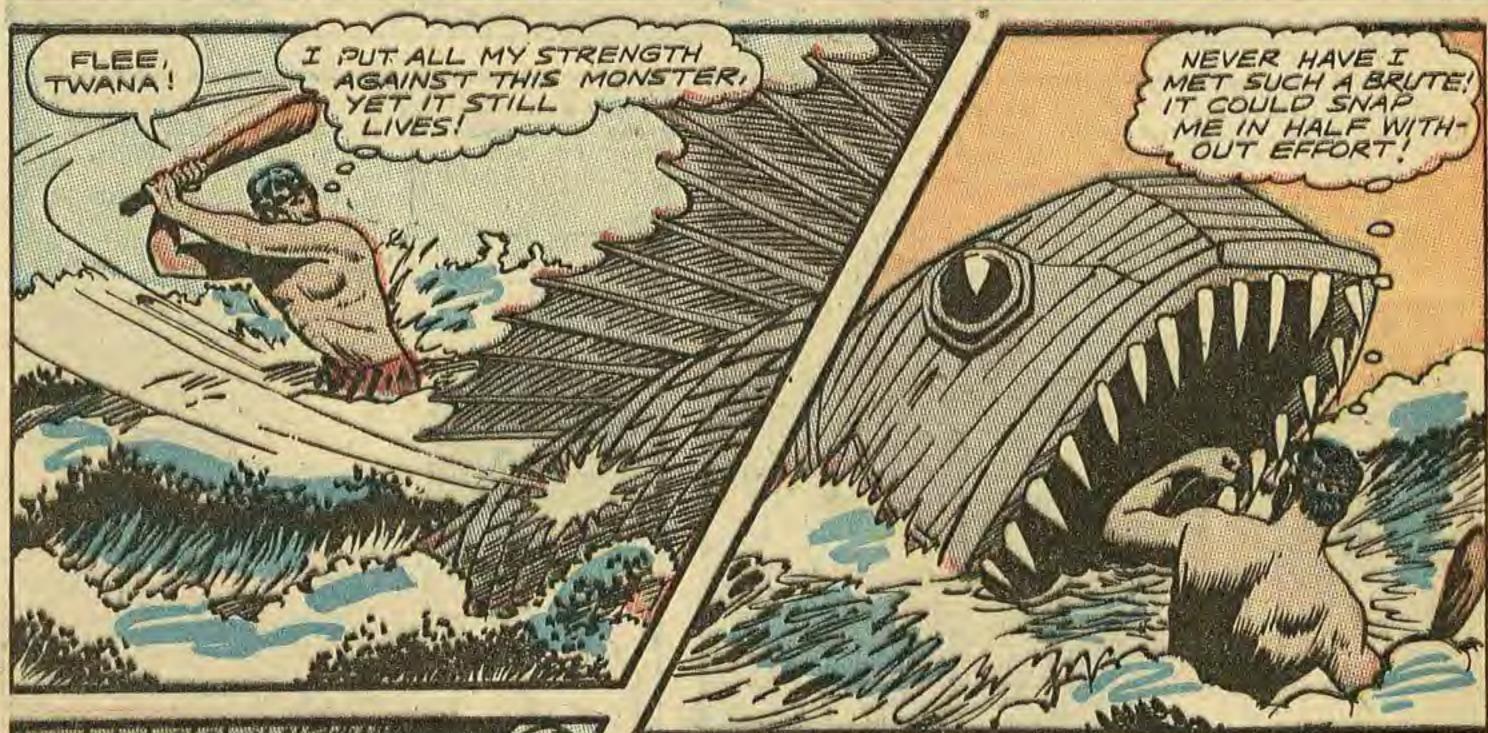




















The Insult "CHUMP" Into CHAMP



SEE HERE, HEY, SUGAR. WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT YOU BETTER **HUMAN SKELETON** SHUT UP AND GET A OR I'LL --REAL MAN

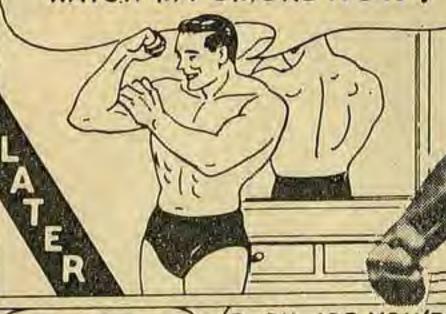
OH, JOE, WHEN YOU'LL WHAT -ARE YOU GOING YOU POOR CHUMP TO GROW UP AND BEAMAN!



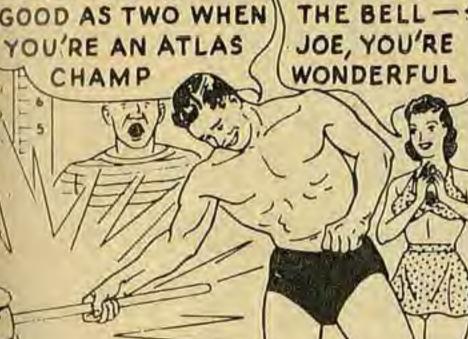
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING-I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME /



GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!



ONE HAND IS AS THERE GOES GOOD AS TWO WHEN



O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE OUT OF THE MORE THAN A MAN!



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

LIAVE YOU ever felt like Joe-absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch-chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams-ridges of solid stomach muscle-mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say-see how they look before and after-in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book-FREE. It tells

all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 7511, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 7511, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

oped Man."

-actual photo of the

man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Devel-

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me-give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name	(Please	print or	write	plainly)
------	---------	----------	-------	----------

Address.....

City..... State..... State..... Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

